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Parting.

Learn down and kiss me, oh my love, my own,
 The day is near when they shall bid me go,
 When I will have to leave you, and you will be alone,
 Then will I kiss you, and you will be alone.

How strange it is that I, who love thee,
 And know that I shall soon be parted from thee,
 Should stand here, thinking how great will be
 Thy lonely loneliness and thy sorrow.

And then—then, oh, when we are parted,
 Why should I grieve that I shall never see thee more?
 Why should I regret that I shall never see thee more?

Why should I regret that I shall never see thee more?
 Why should I regret that I shall never see thee more?

Oh, God, these earthly joys are but a dream,
 A dream that will soon pass away,
 And I, who love thee, shall be left alone,
 And I, who love thee, shall be left alone.

Quick Wit Wins.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. According to the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do!" said the man; "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost any thing—what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow, one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There now, captain," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift any thing I like to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant; "if you will shoulder the sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you a year at \$100 per month."

"Done!" said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, there it stood, his shoulder with perfect ease, although extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quickly to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There now, it may hang there till doomsday. I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do, and \$100 per month, and it's all right."

The clerk broke into a laugh, and the merchant, who had been very satisfied, kept his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and is worth a million dollars. [Union Observer.]

A Strange Phenomenon.

We are informed that a gentleman residing in Wakulla county, by the name of Cox, who is cultivating a small farm, upon arising one morning last week, was surprised to find that during the night his residence had been changed from a region where water could not be seen and was situated on the border of a lake. When he retired on the evening before, his house was far away from any pond, lake or river, but upon going out next morning, his surprise can be imagined, when, instead of his garden, an immense sink, fifty or sixty yards square, filled with water, running up within eighteen or twenty feet of his residence, met his gaze. During the night this transformation occurred, leaving not even a vestige of the tall pine trees which were standing in their full majesty only twelve hours before. These sinks, however, are not infrequent in that country. It has only been a short time since that a sink occurred near Lavender's Mill, more remarkable than the one alluded to above, in that it occurred upon the very top of a hill—one of the highest points of land in that country. [Tallahassee Floridian.]

An Impossibility.

"There were two men got into a fight in front of the store to-day," said a North end man at the supper table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The bigger one grabbed a cart stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head passed in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidence of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth rat, he heaped and resumed his supper. [Rockland Courier.]

A Pullman Car Incident.

It was in a Pullman "sleeper," between Albany and Buffalo. Among the passengers were a middle-aged couple, evidently on their first journey, and a son-faced old maid, rather demure in her general effect, who was traveling alone. The couple had an upper berth, and the "maiden well stricken in years" the upper berth in the adjoining section. In the same car were a couple of frolicsome youths, ready for any sort of mischief. Bed time came, and all hands retired. But the husband could not sleep. Whether it was because of the motion of the cars, the noise or the novelty of the situation, he could not tell, but try as he would, he could not sleep. At length it occurred to him that he was thirsty. He more he thought of it the more thirsty he got. So he called the porter, who brought the ladder and helped him down. Now, while he was gone for the water, one of the boys stepped out of bed and shifted the ladder so that it rested against the berth in which the ancient maiden was sleeping, and then returned to his bed to note the result. In a moment or two the husband returned, and crept quietly up the steps, anxious to make as little noise as possible, so as not to awaken his wife. The occupant of the berth, thus rudely intruded upon, awoke with a start, and screamed. The husband, supposing it to be his easily-frightened wife, tried to reassure her and said, "It is only me." "Only you—you old scoundrel!" said the venerable maiden. "I'll teach you a lesson!" and with that she seized him by the hair of the head and cried for help. Then he howled with pain. Then his wife, awakened by the noise, discovered where her husband was, and raised her voice in lamentation, heaping reproaches upon her faithless spouse. Then the passengers all got up and demanded an explanation of the commotion, and foremost among them was the wretch who had caused it all. Then the husband, covered with confusion, and unable to account for what he had done, climbed down from his perch and slunk away to bed, where he was soundly lectured for his faithlessness. Altogether, it was a most uncomfortable though ludicrous situation, and the glances of defiance that were exchanged between the wife and the old maid all through the next day were a study. The cause of all the trouble leaked out, but it never reached the ears of those chiefly affected by it.

The Rev. J. S. Anderson resigned his pastorate of the Methodist Church at Charles City, Iowa, without apparent reason, and mysteriously disappeared, leaving his wife and children behind. Mrs. Hayes, wife of a church trustee, had previously gone away, ostensibly to visit relatives, and her stay was strangely prolonged. People remembered that the clergyman and Sister Hayes had been very attentive to each other, and it was soon surmised that they had eloped. They were traced to where they had established a home for themselves under assumed names. Anderson had decided to change his profession to that of medicine, which he had studied. The pair was arrested, and in the woman's trunk were letters written by the clergyman before the elopement. One passage was as follows: "Oh, but I did have such a sweet dream of you last night! I could feel your kiss, and oh, how good it did feel! I awoke to find it only a dream. I got up, knelt down, and in deep earnestness asked our Father to make you sleep sweetly." In another letter he told Sister Hayes how he had just informed his wife that he no longer loved her, and added: "Oh, my precious jewel, how I do wish I could be with you to-day, and hold you in my arms and care you just like I do, and feel your warm sweet lips applied to mine; but God bless you! I must close this letter and prepare a sermon for next Sunday. Yours, with love and kisses."

How to Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer in the Southern Farmer says that his cows give all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 200 pounds of butter was made last year. This is, in part, his treatment of the cow: If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cows every day, water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cows will give twenty-five per cent. more milk under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this uses they will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full at a time, morning, noon, and at night.

South Salem, Indiana.

July 23rd, 1879.

The greatest yield of wheat this year ever known in Indiana, ranging from 28 to 30 bushels per acre.

Samuel Williams, a young blood, committed an assault and battery on the person of Dr. W. W. Kendall, last November, and was arrested by Squire Sowder, but soon after made good his escape, went to Missouri, but returned to Greencastle, Ind., the last of May, was re-arrested, put in jail, and was tried at the June term of Hendricks Circuit Court, and sentenced to thirty days in the county jail, and to pay \$50. This the young man could not do. So he petitioned the Governor for a pardon. Old Blue Jeans agreed to release one-half, when the other was paid; that other half was paid yesterday, and now Samuel breathes the free air again, we hope a wiser and better man.

The Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield R. R. is being built through this place, and is progressing finely. The contractor for most of the heavy work is located here, with a lot of Irish paddies and some country teams. I notice Moses Kenney here with ten mule teams, and Levi Penington with eighteen mule teams. They make business lively, especially at night. We had a little knock down on the railroad yesterday, between a section boss and a teamster, in which the teamster came off second best, but came and filed his affidavit and had the boss arrested and tried before Squire Sowder. Fine, \$1 and costs, amounting to \$9, this the boss paid and went on with his work.

No whisky can be had here, so we have no drunken rows.

There never has been a resident negro in this township. I see one from Louisville, here, driving a team. He is almost a show.

I see from your Mt. Vernon correspondence, a notice of the death of little Elmer Ramsey, of London. Well do we remember him as the little drummer boy. When his parents were fugitives from Gen. Zollicoffer's army, and was staying at my house, little Elmer would come to the table and beat a tattoo on the bottom of his plate. We extend our sympathy to his bereaved mother.

MILTON SOWDER.

The Business Men who Fail.

The New York papers frequently raise the question: "What becomes of all the ruined merchants and stock brokers of this city?" The reply is, "They go down." But once in awhile they come to the surface again. This was the case with one, Edward Ensign, once a member of the Stock Exchange, and of excellent character. He went down, and when he came up it was on a charge of stealing twenty-five cents under the meaneast circumstances. Now, it is quite probable that Mr. Ensign, when a stock broker, had stolen a great deal more than twenty-five cents, but the thefts were committed in a legal way—that is to say, in a way recognized on the Stock Exchange, and the transactions were set down to the credit of business tact, and helped to build up his excellent character. To steal twenty-five cents after he had fallen as a stock broker is against the law, and Mr. Ensign will have to undergo discipline on Blackwell's Island.

Poverty and Extravagance.

The poor man is the most extravagant man. His extravagance also helps to keep him poor. The rich man is economical. He can afford to be so. Economy is a luxury beyond the reach of the poor. A poor family pays for coal, butter, tea, sugar, coffee, flour, etc., from twenty-five to a hundred per cent. more than the same quantity and quality of such articles would cost a family in easy circumstances. The one buys in small quantities from small dealers, paying the profit of two or three transfers. The other buys in large quantities when prices are lowest, and from wholesale dealers. The costliest way of living is living from hand to mouth. It is one of the heaviest drawbacks of the poor man's condition that he must buy as he can and where and how he can, and have several profits made out of every pound of his tea and sugar, his butter and his flour, which profits he of course pays.

A temperance reformer of prominence in Washington, makes the following argument. He finds that the total deaths from yellow fever in the United States for the past ten years is only twenty-one thousand, fourteen thousand of whom died last year. In the same time, according to a careful and probably reasonable computation, 650,000 men have died from intemperance, or at the rate of 65,000 annually. This gentleman proposes to quarantine against whisky as a more destructive destroyer than yellow-jack.

A Successful Inventor and Manufacturer.

Sir Henry Bessemer has had an experience that few inventors are allowed to have, in living to see the world-wide results of his invention, and to realize the economy in resources which has been made possible by its use. The sewing machine and electric telegraph have been labor saving in their effect to an enormous extent, but with these it would have been difficult for their originators when alive to estimate the monetary value to mankind of the discoveries. With the making of steel, the case, however, is different, for the saving can be figured down to a nicety on every ton made, and the annual product of the various civilized countries is pretty accurately known. From data thus collected, it is estimated that in labor and material the world is a gainer to the amount of \$100,000,000 a year by using the Bessemer process in converting iron into steel. Or considered in another way, the advantage of a low-priced enduring material, such as Bessemer steel, when compared with iron, has been a matter of calculation, as far as railroad tracks are concerned, with the following astonishing results: Mr. Price Williams, who is an expert in matters of this kind, has stated that by substituting steel for iron in saving in expenditure will be made during the life of one set of steel rails on all the existing lines in Great Britain of not less than \$850,000,000. In view of these facts, says the New York Sun, if Sir Henry has obtained in royalties the sum of \$5,250,000, most persons will concede he has got no more than he deserves.

Methers.

By the quiet fireside at home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall some time give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit be as rosy of angelic deeds—and the noble offering that she can make thro' the ever ascending and ever expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with the power of which she little dreams. Solem is the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression from her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may have an indelible impression upon the old souls around her, and form, as it were, the underlying strain of that education which peoples Heaven with that celestial being and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

Now that base ball and croquet are at a low ebb, would not a working match be a novelty and afford some amusement to lookers-on. The opposing squads, for instance, might take their position in an oats field, fully equipped with all necessary implements, and then wade through the grain until the last stalks would succumb. We would like to be a spectator and report the results of such a contest.

Pigs.—Young pigs may be made ready for market, in 100 days if desired, by good feeding. The sow should be well fed with rich slop, to force a good flow of milk, and feeding place for the pigs should be provided, in which they can get spare milk with a little fine ground barley meal or wheat middlings. [American Agriculturist.]

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

"Woman is a delusion, madam," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

The distinguished Americans now in Europe are Farole, the runner; Hanlan the sculler; Weston, the walker, and Talmage, the talker. [New Haven Register.]

The man who habitually and regularly left the door wide open all winter, is just learning to shut it tight every time. [Hawkeye.]

Man is the gadgdon—woman is the line; her smile, the float; her kiss, the bait. Love is the hook. And marriage is the frying pan.

Since fly time has come, the New Orleans Times says, the Society for the Suppression of Profanity has suspended operations.

Europe sends poor people to this country to earn money, while America sends rich fools to Europe to spend theirs.

A noisy fellow annoys a fellow.

On Public Speaking.

It may perhaps be of use to those anxious to become orators, to know that from some cause or other almost all speakers occasionally, not only lose the thread of their argument, but lose all knowledge of what they are talking about. I have seen this occur, says a writer in one of our English contemporaries, with many of our most experienced orators. When it happens they repeat a few vague generalizations until their thoughts come back to them, and then they fall back again into their speech. Thus their temporary wool-gathering escapes detection, except by those who watch them very closely. An inexperienced speaker, instead of doing this, pauses, gets confused, and sits down in despair. Another great mistake of budding speakers, and, indeed, of many who are in full bloom, is to speak too quickly. A person who wishes to be heard can hardly speak too slowly. He should pronounce not only each word, but every syllable of each word distinctly. Mr. Bright once said that nothing had cost him more trouble than to learn to speak slowly. A clear, deliberate utterance of every syllable, with pause to mark the steps at the end of each sentence, does not produce the effect of tediousness, but the reverse. [Scientific American.]

An Appalling Curse.

Carefully prepared statistics show that there are over 600,000 drunkards in the United States, and that 70,000 die annually who go to the grave a drunkard. Every year 100,000 men and women are sent to prison under the influence of intoxication, while 300 murders and 400 suicides occur from the same cause. Two hundred thousand orphans are annually thrown upon the charity of the world by this curse of intemperance. Nine-tenths of our crime and not less than seven-eighths of the pauperism is the immediate result of whisky, and that at cost to the Government—besides the individual waste—of no less than \$60,000,000 every year. [N. Y. Mercantile Jour.]

A clergyman at a Methodist camp meeting at Bucyrus, Ohio, prayed that God would kill one member of every anti-Christian family in the country. This excited the wrath of the sinners in the congregation, and they tore down the tent, whipped the minister, and would have tarred and feathered him if he had not fled.

An engagement not mentioned in the official reports from South Africa was fought between a column of British troops and some shadows. An officer, seeing these shadows moving on a hill in the moonlight, mistook them for advancing Zulus, and artillery was set to work to disperse them; but they held their ground.

A town in Western New York has a woman undertaker. She complains bitterly of the fickleness of the opposite sex. She says she used to be quite a belle, and had scores of admirers, who declared that they were willing "to die for her," but since she commenced business, not one has been as good as his word.

"Mamma," remarked an interesting infant of four, "where do you go when you die?" "One can't be quite certain, darling. How can mamma tell? She has never died yet." "Yes; but haven't you studied geography?"

A GOOD RULE.—It is related of a Kentish farmer that he condensed his practical experience into this rule:—"Feed your land before it is hungry rest it before it is weary, and weed it before it is foul."

The Chicago school teachers haven't been paid for four months, and they are licking an average of seven boys per day each. [Free Press. They call licking the boys "getting their back pay."

A dandel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you had?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," said she, "for I only joined the church last week."

A "cheap library" of 100 Sunday-school books for children to read is now sold at the rate of six pages for a cent. There are 15,000 pages, and the bill for the whole lot is \$25.

A crust of bread and contentment therewith is better than a saucer of ice cream with a sore tooth.

The pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

It is good to dwell in amity, though it is amity hard to do with some people.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

Offer for sale my splendid Hunting Park Farm of Eighty Acres, lying half a mile from the Louisville and Nashville turnpike. It is well watered, has a fine young orchard, the improvements are fine, and the neighborhood is a good one. Call on or write to

J. W. HALEY, Millersville, Ky.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

I have made arrangements to open a full line of Men's Tailoring, in the old Madison Hotel, on the 14th of August. Gentlemen will please take notice and remove their orders.

A. G. ALSTON, Georgetown, Ky.

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